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Sage pov 1

Flashback

Nine year old Sage, one of the naturally born immortals, watched his family being slaughtered by one who looked like a demon from hell.

Just last night they had been having dinner, all laughs and fun, no pressure, everyone loved everyone.

His mother, father, brothers, and little sister, all together, with him the last born.

They usually ate together, but this time felt different, they all had something extra to say,

River, his eldest brother, had offered him his powers as a gift; the others followed suit.

He didn't fully understand why, but who wouldn't accept such gifts, he had a rare constitution.

His body had always been strong and powerful, it was said that his yin energy was one of the best, but back then he was just a little man with a family that loved him a little

too much.

The next morning a red haired figure stormed into their home,

"Sage" his mother had grabbed him by the arm, dragging him with her,

He was still dazed, his eyes were foggy, "Mum, It's too early, let me sleep for a little while longer," it was barely dawn, even the morning light wasn't shining.

"Hush child, come quickly" her voice carried an urgency he had never heard before.

She took him through a hidden route he had never seen in their home, she pushed a bundle into his hands, raised a chest and stuffed his tiny body into it.

"Remain here until someone comes to get you out." Just then a loud blast reached his ears, he was fully awake now, something was wrong, even his tiny brain had registered that much.

"Mum" he whispered, "What's going on, I'm scared" he clutched the bundle tighter.

She placed a peck on his forehead, something wet dripped onto his body, she wiped it off before he fully understood.

Her eyes held unshed tears, her shoulders shook, quaking, like she had a lot to say.

She sniffed, "You have to survive Sage, you hear me?"

He scrunched his little nose, his tiny hands stretching to get hold of the helm of her clothes, he clutched onto it tightly onto it.

"What's going on? Don't go." The noises were louder, it was obvious now, clashes, cries — battle cries, the loud ringing of the city bell echoed loudly in his ears.

His tiny heart hammered, his big brother had explained once, when he had asked, eyes wide

"River, can I ring the city bell one day?"

"You little rascal, what sort of trouble are you trying to invite?" He has asked.

"But look at it, it looks so sad, waiting for me to ring it"

His face had turned stern, "If the day ever came that you hear the sounds of these bells, Run, without looking back, run as far as your legs can carry you."

"Huh, but why?" he asked innocently,

"It just means that we have to take care of a bad person that wants to hurt everyone in the city, just run, don't think of anything else, we'd find you. No matter where you go."

His body shook, he knew what the bells meant, they were under attack, "Mama" his tiny voice hammered on her heart, she couldn't bring herself to look at him for much longer.

"Listen to me Sage, you're strong, too strong for your own good, live under the radar, don't let anyone turn you into a weapon. You're not a weapon, don't become a mindless killing machine, live well, and be happy, promise mama you'll listen to her."

"No." He shook his head, "if you go I won't promise you anything, I'll be miserable forever, I won't eat, I'll kill people," his childish voice rang out stubbornly.

She pinched her eyebrows, her eyes darting between the battle cries, she had no time for this, she had to go back to her family, her heart ached for her last child but this was the best they could, their little village had been locked down by their assailant.

She crouched to his level, tucking away strands of his hair, "you'll be fine love, mummy

has to go, I'll come back, but I need to go make sure your brothers and sisters are okay."

She said in the gentlest voice she could muster,

That worked, at the mention of his siblings, his heart softened, "Promise you'll come back?" He asked in a tiny voice."

"I'll try my best" she whispered, standing back to her feet, she helped him lie back properly, getting him comfortable, she kept the bundle next to him,

Then with a final peck, she covered him up with the blanket and shut the chest close, leaving just a tiny hole for him to breathe.

As immortals they could survive without air for a long time but he was too small, too young to be left to resort to such cruel measures.

So when the chest was prepared she ensured it was tightly secured, with just enough space for his breathing.

Her heart wavered with each step, but she had to be strong, she couldn't let everything they had worked for go to waste.

"Live Sage, Live for me, for all of us, don't

live to avenge us, live to survive, for our sake, for your sake." The wind carried her voice to his ears before the retreating sound of her footsteps filled his ears.

Tears rolled like an endless stream, he tried covering his ears to drown out the noise, the screams, but it was impossible, they still hammered directly on his heart, for hours unend, until it was over.

He couldn't hear it anymore, but his heart was heavy, like he had just lost something very precious.

He couldn't tell, but with the noise gone, he was finally able to shut his eyes, hoping that one of his family members would come for him by the time he came to.

The chest quaked, and open, the sunlight hit his face directly, his eyes blinked open

"Mummy?"